

© king of the bullwhip



LASH LARUE

WESTERN

①



LASH LARUE WESTERN



ATOMIC MOVERS • BADGE OF JUSTICE • BLUE BISTLE • COWBOY LOVE • COWBOY WESTERN • DANGER and ADVENTURE • FUNNY ANIMALS—MERRY MANIAC • GABBY HAYES • HOT RODS and RACING CARS • LASH LARUE • MONTE HALL • MY LITTLE MARSH • RUCKY LANE • SEAGRAM HENRI • SOLDIER and MARINE • SPACE ADVENTURES—ROCKY JONES • SPACE RANGER • TANGLEHEARTS • THE BITTER • THE L. S. SUSPENSE • TRUE LOVE SWEETS • TV TALK—GON WINGLOW of the FURY • WIN-A-PRIZE • ZOO FUNNIES, NICKA, JUNGLE GIRL

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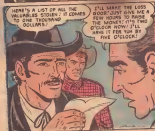
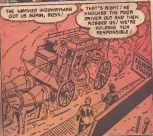
Alfred P. Faj Executive Editor



The Riding Marshal, LASH LARUE, master of the six-shooter and the tricky bullwhip, has come up against many weird situations but none to compare with **THE MAN WHO PURSUED HIMSELF!**







NOT IF I COULD GRAB
THE BRADY AND MAKE
HIM RETURN ALL THE
LOOT BEFORE FIVE
O'CLOCK!

BUT HOW IS THAT
POSSIBLE, LASH? YOU
DON'T EVEN KNOW
WHERE TO START
LOOKING FOR
HIM!



IF THE COACH
WERE TO MAKE
ANOTHER TRIP
NOW, THE THIEVES
WARRANT MIGHT
SHOW UP AGAIN!

BUT I CAN'T
AFFORD TO LET
ANY MORE
PASSENGERS
MAKE THE
TRIP! SUPPOSE
THEY WERE
ROBBED!

THERE WILL
BE ONLY ONE
PASSENGER --
ME!

IT SOUNDS LIKE A
GOOD IDEA TO ME,
LASH! HOW ABOUT
IT, WARRANCE? DO
YOU FEEL UP TO
MAKING ANOTHER
TRIP?



WITHOUT MEANING ANY INSULT TO
YOUR DRIVER, THIS BRADY MUST HAVE
WOM FOUNDED AS AN EASY MARK, WHICH
EXPLAINS WHY THE MURDERED HIGHWAY-
MAN ALWAYS ROBS THE COACH
HE'S DRIVING!



YUP! THEY WANT ME TO
HELP CAPTURE MYSELF! BUT I
CAN'T SAY NO, OR THEY'RE
LIKELY TO GET
SUSPICIOUS!



MY HEAD STILL HURTS, BUT I PROMISE
I CAN MAKE THE TRIP! I'D GIVE
ANYTHING TO SEE THAT
WARRANCE WARRANCE
CAUGHT!

GOOD!
THEN
LET'S GO!



FOR MY SHARE,
LASH, I WISH
YOU ALL THE
LUCK IN THE
WORLD!

GOODBY!

IF I
CATCH UP
WITH THAT
BANDIT,
HE'LL BE
THE ONE
WHO'LL
NEED THE
LUCK!











THE GOLDEN GUNLOAD

TEX CARSON and Sheriff Ben Dostelle rode along side by side, their horses straining in the early morning chill. Past the two riders could be seen the scarred landscape of old mining pits and ridges, deserted shacks. They were on their way to visit the Big Nugget Mine—a grim mission.

Sheriff Dostelle in his grained briar for the third time since he and Tex had left River Ridge. "That's it, Tex," the lawman repeated reflectively. "Cliff Wayland of the Big Nugget sent word to me during the night. That hombre rode by during the late afternoon. A stranger. They'd never seen him before. His horse got scared by dynamiting down in the mine shaft; and threw him a country mile. The stranger landed on his head. Cliff wants us to claim the body."

"I see!" the young border patrolman nodded. "Then how come you wanted me along, Ben?" Sheriff Dostelle hesitated, looking keenly at the briar. Then, half-turning toward his young companion, he mused aloud. "I don't know, Tex. But I kind of figured I wanted someone along to take a look at the body. Seemed like a mighty queer way for a stranger to die—and without anyone knowing anything about him! The sheriff rose in his stirrups, peered ahead over the mesquite blanketed rise. "There it is," he grunted. "The Big Nugget. And it looks like Cliff Wayland is waiting out front for us."

As the sheriff and the border patrolman rode up, Cliff Wayland, a husky, plaid-jacketed miner, stood forward to greet them. Grimly, Wayland bent over a form that lay beneath a canvas covering. He flung the canvas back. "Here's your corpse, Sheriff," he muttered. "Just the way I sent you word. Thrown by his horse and plumb mangled!"

Looking down at the body, Tex Carson drew his breath sharply. In spite of the crushed skull, he was able to recognize the man. "Hmmm . . ." he muttered. "This gent came into town yesterday, on the afternoon train. He hired a horse from Jim Sackem, over at

the livery stable. Said he wanted to ride out in the mining country. Are you sure you didn't know him, Cliff?"

The mining boss shook his head. "I told you he was a stranger!" He turned to the sheriff. "It happened just the way I said, Dostelle. Came riding up on a big buckskin horse. One of my boys was setting off a dynamite charge, over the hill. The buckskin got scared by the explosion—began to buck, and that was it!" "Buckin so," the sheriff nodded. "If you'll lend us a pack mule, Cliff, we'll tote the poor hombre into town."

As they loaded the canvas-wrapped corpse onto an unwilling, flat-faced mule, Tex turned toward Cliff Wayland again. "Oh, by the way," he asked the mine boss, "what happened to his horse?"

Wayland shrugged. "Who knows?" he replied. "Ran off—and I don't reckon we'll see him again!"

Half an hour later, Tex and Sheriff Dostelle were kneeing their mounts down the last sandstone-cluttered bend of the trail that led to River Ridge. The sheriff stroked his lean jaw. "Tex, how come you asked those questions? Are you a mite suspicious?"

Tex Carson smiled. "Must be," he replied. "But I sure as blazes can't say why. Jim Sackem once told to sell me that buckskin horse, and I turned him down. The reason—" Suddenly and angrily, Tex snapped his fingers. "I've got it, Sheriff," he said sharply. "Cliff Wayland

lying about the way that stranger died. The truth is that he killed him . . . for a reason. A reason! And we've got to find out what the reason is!"

The older man relaxed, crinkled eyebrows. "How do we do that?" he asked.

Tex raised his lay in abruptly. "Let's do a little scouting," he said. "Wayland's been selling a lot of stock lately—do folks back East—on a mine that most of us figured was all played out years ago! Specs we go back to his mine, tonight, and take a look to see just what's going on up there! And s'pose we do

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Brings you the aircraft carrier and 5 jets plus the small fleet of warships! **BE SURE** to enclose \$1.00 with coupon and print name and address clearly.

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Name _____

NAME

Address _____

City _____

State _____

It quiet-like, sort of uninvited . . ."

That night the two lawmen returned to the Big Nugget mine, just as the sun disappeared over the Western mountains in a haze of purple streaks. Dismounting, they walked slowly up toward the mine entrance. There, Sheriff Doutelle halted. "So far, so good," he muttered. "Now what, Tex?"

The youthful patrolman's jaw set. "I aim to take a look down in that mine shaft," he whispered in reply. "If my hunch is right, we may find out the reason for that stranger's dying. Let's see."

Stealthily, they descended the ladder that led down into the shaft. Slowly then, on the corrugated surface of the mine floor, they crept forward, down the winding corridor. Suddenly, Tex's hand caught Doutelle's arm. Ahead of them, they could see the same, flickering light of a lantern. And there was the mumble of voices coming down the passageway.

"Quiet," cautioned Tex. "Let's keep moving . . . and listen!"

As they rounded the bend, sticking close to the wall, they were able to glimpse Cliff Wayland and several of his miners. One of the laborers burst out with raucous laughter, settling down his pipe.

"Cliff, you shore did a good job today, scaring off those lawmen," he praised. "If they'd found out the way the stranger really died—that he was slugged from behind with a sledge . . . I reckon we'd all be swinging from a gallows . . ."

"Mebbe," conceded Cliff Wayland, "but they won't find out! Our story about that dynamite blast shore fooled them. It was a lucky thing we got word in advance that that visitor was going to show up—so we were able to get set for him! Who'd ever have thought that all those investors back east would have gotten suspicious enough to send a detective down here to look into the mine!" Slowly he lifted a shotgun, aiming it toward the wall. "But, with him out of the way, we'll be able to keep going at least another couple of months—and to sell enough additional stock to make it a clean getaway! So let's see if we can't dig up a little more rich gold ore . . ."

In their hiding place, Sheriff Doutelle caught at Tex's arm.

"Look," he hissed. "They're salting the mine,

shooting pellets of gold into the rock! And that stranger was an eastern detective!"

"We've heard enough," returned Tex, drawing his black-handled Colt. "Let's go, Ben!"

With panther-like swiftness, the two lawmen sprang from hiding, lunging down the mine corridor.

"Get 'em up!" they shouted, guns leveled. Cliff Wayland and his crannies whirled in alarm. "It's th' Sheriff an' Tee Carson," one of them hushed. "They're wise to us! Blast them, boss!"

Cliff Wayland's eyes glinted with triumph. His shotgun was loaded and cocked—and his fingers were already tightening on the trigger! He had the drop on the lawman . . . and he knew it! "Take it!" he shouted. But, even as he fired the gold-loaded weapon, Tex Carson's hand slammed heavily across the sheriff's back. "Down! Hit the floor!"

A split-second later, the shotgun roared!

Golden slugs streamed through the air in a deadly spray, but they passed inches from the heads of the prostrate lawmen. Then, lying there, Tee Carson fired. Once, twice, three times, his Colt roared thunderously in the cavernous mine shaft. Screaming in pain, one of the miners caught his shoulder and twisted to the ground.

His leg grazed . . . Cliff Wayland slumped forward. And, as he went down, he dropped the shotgun, and cried out in surrender. "Don't shoot! You've got us! We give up!"

Tee strode forward, gun still ready, and seized the miners of their weapons.

As he did so, the sheriff bent over Wayland. "Cliff," he said, "we overheard what you were saying. You killed that man . . ."

Cliff Wayland nodded, weary and in pain. "Why deny it?" he grunted, gripping his thigh. "But what puzzles me is, how'd you find it out? What made you suspicious?"

Tee Carson holstered his Colt. "Just one thing," he said. "It was your story about that bomb being scored by a dynamite blast over the hill. I knew that buckskin boss. I once almost bought him from Jim Schemm, but I didn't, when I found out he was stone dead! He couldn't have heard a dynamite charge. Which meant that you were lying—and the sheriff and I had to find out why!"

THE END

44 99

Lash

in
BACKGROUND
FOR A **PLOT**

WHEN YOU ENTER A MUSIC HALL YOU EXPECT TO FIND ROMANCE AND LAUGHTER. BUT NOT EVIL. BUT THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT LASH LARUE, THE ROVING WARDEN, DISCOVERS IN BACKGROUND FOR A PLOT!

WHEN YOU ENTER A JAZZ HALL YOU EXPECT TO FIND BOOM AND LAUGHTER, NOT HOT EVIL. BUT THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT LASH LEADS, THE BOVING MARDWALL! DISCOVER IN **BACKGROUND** FOR A FLIT!

COFF. DR. AT THE GULCHT GULCH INN

I TALKED TO MY BOSS, LARRY, AND HE SAID FOR YOU TO BRING YOUR FRIEND, SQUINTY, OVER AND HE'D SEE WHAT HE COULD DO ABOUT A JOB FOR HIM.

THANKS A LOT,
SHAWDOW! DORRITY'S
IN HIS ROOM WAITING
FOR ME! I'LL GET HIM
AND BE RIGHT OVER TO
THE RANCH!

SQUINTY: NOW WHERE DID HE
GO? WAIT A SECOND---I HAVE
A GOOD IDEA WHERE I CAN
FIND HIM!

2002-2003



NOT
NOW HE
HASN'T!

I THOUGHT LASH WAS
GONE BY NOW! IF I
KNEW HE WAS STILL
HERE, I WOULDN'T HAVE
PULLED THE JOB! I
KNOW I CAN'T OUTRUN
HIM...

SWISH!



BUT
MAYBE
I CAN
OUT-
TRICK
HIM!

IT WORKED! NOW
TO ESCAPE OUT
THAT WINDOW!



YOU SLOWED ME
DOWN, MISTER--
BUT THAT'S ALL!



HE'S GOING OVER THE FENCE, BUT
I'VE GOT MY EYE ON HIM!



BUT AS LASH RAN OVER THE FENCE--



OOF!

SHORTLY AFTER--



THERE YOU ARE, LASH!
WHAT HAPPENED? I'VE
BEEN LOOKING EVERY-
WHERE FOR YOU!



YOU'VE GOT TO
HELP ME, LASH!
IF THAT MONEY IS
NOT RETURNED,
I'LL LOSE MY
JOB!

DON'T WORRY, MURKIN! I'M
NOT LEAVING UNTIL I
STRAIGHTEN OUT THIS
MATTER! NOW GO ON
WITH THE SHOW!



GO ON WITH THE SHOW?
BUT I DON'T THINK
KITTY KILGARE IS IN
THE MOOD FOR
SINGING NOW!

THEN TELL HER TO GET
IN THE MOOD! I'M GOING
TO HAVE TO SILENCE
EVERYONE AROUND HERE
INCLUDING THE AUDIENCE, AND
I DON'T WANT THEM GETTING
RESTLESS!



SECONDS LATER--

THIS IS MELODY BROWN
INTRODUCING THE PRAIRIE
WOMAN, KITTY
KILGARE, ONCE AGAIN!
FOR HER FIRST NUMBER
KITTY WILL SING
DARKNESS ON
THE PRAIRIE!

HOLD ON!
LET'S HAVE
A SONG SHE
CAN SING WITH
THE LIGHTS ON!



BUT THE LIGHTS GO OFF
ANYWAY!

THEY HEARD ME
ALL RIGHT!
QUICK, GIVE ME
A MATCH, SQUINTY!



QUICK, SQUINTY! PUT THE
LIGHTS ON! SOMETHING'S
HAPPENED TO MELODY
BROWN!



HE'S WITH KNEECKES
BUT I THOUGHT
I HEARD SOMETHING
WALK BY!

WALK BY IS RIGHT!
THE THREE
SCARFOS BEFORE
I COULD EVEN STRIKE
A MATCH!



I CLIMBED WITH THE
BACKSTAGE DOORMAN,
LASH! HE SAID HE'S IN
CHARGE OF THE LIGHTS,
BUT HE DIDN'T PUT
THEM OUT THIS
TIME!

I GUESSED AS HIGH!
WE'VE GOT TO CLOSE
THIS PLACE DOWN, BY--
IMMEDIATELY! I WANT YOU
TO TELL EVERYONE'S NAME
AND ADDRESS AS THEY
LEAVE, SQUINTY!



HOW in 10 Minutes of Fun a Day

YOU Can Become
-AN AMAZING NEW-

3-D HE-MAN

Like
We
Did

JIM NORMAN
before
NOW I
gained
100% in
HE-MAN LOOK
POPULARITY and
STRENGTH

LOOK
at ME and
MY PALS!
What a
Pitiful lot of
SKINNY
WRECKS like YOU
We were BEFORE
We mailed coupon!

Yes, PAL—NOW
YOU
MAIL THE
COUPON
SHOW
and Get a NEW
HE-MAN BODY
for Your OLD
SKELETON FRAME!

YOU CAN WIN
\$100.00
AND A BIG 15"
TALL SILVER CUP



BOB Friend
and I don't
have to be SKINNY,
WEAK or FLABBY any
more—NOT WITH THE
FREE coupon before us I
can't but DO IT NOW—
This may be YOUR LAST
CHANCE!

Now,
buddy
YOU

May be
LAST CHANCE
before \$1
price goes
UP!

Can
and
MORE

NOW

NOW

NOW

NOW

NOW

NOW

NOW

NOW

NOW

NOW

NOW

NOW

NOW

NOW

NOW

NOW

NOW

NOW

NOW

FREE if you
MAIL
coupon NOW

1



MIGHTY CHEST

2



MIGHTY ARM

3



MIGHTY LEGS

4



MIGHTY GRIP

5

I gained
**70 lbs. of
MIGHTY MUSCLE**
Was a BIG SILVER TROPHY
and made the football team
I was a 10 in Standard before,
now Cleveland

I changed myself from
to the ANEMIC SKINNY
to the MUSCULAR HE-MAN
I added 6 inches
to each ARM
10 inches to my CHEST
says Ken Green

I GAINED
53 lbs.
OF SHAPELY
POWER-
PACKED
MUSCLES

Now I
can do
the
couple
after
4 weeks

NOW—YOU MAIL
COUPON and GET
ALL 5 COURSES

FREE
PHOTO BOOK
of
STRONG MEN
which also tells
how to
WIN TROPHY
and \$100!

LAST CHANCE—ALL 5 FREE COUPON
5 COURSES 5 MUSCLE MATES
1 PHOTO BOOK of STRONG MEN

MAIL NOW! SAVED YOU YEARS AND DOLLARS!

MAIL COUPON IN TIME FOR **FREE OFFER** AND PRIZES!

THAT FIDDLE BELONGS TO
MELBOY BURNS! I'D BETTER
TAKE IT AND--

THANKS, BUT UNTIL THIS
CAME IS SETTLED, ALL
OF MULLER'S BELONGS
NOW GO TO THE SHERIFF'S
OFFICE!



SHORTLY AFTER--

THAT'S THE LAST ONE
YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE
AND AM I GLAD! MY HAND
IS SORE TIED FROM WRITING
ALL THOSE NAMES!

NOW YOU CAN TIE OUT
YOUR POST! I WANT
YOU TO TAKE THIS
LOCAL SHERIFF!



--- TWENTY LAYERS ---

OH, I DROPPED MY
HANDKERCHIEF!

AH! NO RE!



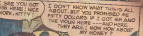
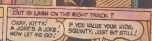
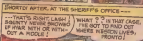
SO FAR SO GOOD! NOW TO
GET OUT OF HERE!



SECONDS LATER---

THIS THIEF DOESN'T MAKE
SENSE! I CAN UNDERSTAND
HIM HOLDING THE CANNON FOR
THE MONEY, BUT WHY
MELBOY BROWN?
UNLESS---





AT THE SAME TIME ---

WICK! THIS
MIGHT BE THE
CRASH WE'RE
LOOKING FOR!



SOMETIMES THE INDIRECT
ROUTE IS THE FASTEST!



-- NO I'LL JUST MAKE
THAT WINDOW UP
THERE DO FOR MY
ENTRANCE!



PLEASONS WILL DO YOU NO GOOD!
KITTY! WHEN I COUNT THREE,
THE TWO OF YOU WILL...



...NOW!



I SEE I'M
JUMP IN
TIME!

CRASH!

BEFORE WYSTON CAN FIRE ---

JUST IN TIME TO BE THE FIRST
TO DIE, LADIE!



NO ONE'S
FASTER ON
THIS DECK
THAN LASH!
LADIE!
LUCKY
FOR
US!





BEHIND BARS? WHAT IS THIS ALL ABOUT? I THOUGHT IT WAS A JOKE WHEN WESTON OFFERED ME THAT MONEY TO GET YOU AND THIS VIOLIN OVER TO HIS ROOM!

IT WAS NO JOKE, BUT I DON'T SEE WHY HE SHOULD HAVE MADE ME GO A-FINDING OVER A WORTHLESS VIOLIN!



I GET IT! SO HE HAD THE MONEY IN MELODY BROWN'S FIDDLE!

CORRECT! AND WHEN I SAID THE SHOW SHOULD GO ON, HE WAS AFRAID MELODY WOULD DISCOVER THE MONEY AS SOON AS HE STARTED PLAYING, SO HE HAD TO GET OUT BEFORE KITTY'S NUMBER, EVEN SQUAT!



IF YOU STICK TO THAT, KITTY, YOU'LL SAY GET OF TROUBLE! NOW WE GOT TO TELL YOU - AND WESTON OVER TO THE SHERIFF!



NOTHING DOING, MOUNTY! EVERY TIME YOU GET INTERESTED IN A PRETTY GIRL, WE HAVE A TALENT FOR GETTING US INTO TROUBLE! RIGHT NOW, WE'VE GOT TO SEE A MAN ABOUT A JOB FOR YOU! LET'S GO!



FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF LASH GARDER IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE LASH GARDER WESTERN AND IN SIX-COLOR ADVENTURES!

DUSTY in

"THE BIG JOB!" GENERAL STORE

HELLO, DUSTY?
I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU
IN A LONG TIME!

IT SEEMS EVERY TIME I COME
TO TOWN SOMETHING BAD
HAPPENS! WHERE ARE ALL THOSE
COWBOYS RUNNING?

OTEL

IT SEEMS THAT SOME WRITER FROM BACK EAST
IS STOPPING AT THE HOTEL AND HE'S OFFERING
ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS TO THE COWBOY WHO
CAN GIVE HIM THE BEST WESTERN
INFORMATION FOR HIS
NEXT BOOK!

A HUNDRED
DOLLARS!

GIDDAP! WHY AM I WASTING TIME HERE
WHEN I CAN BE GETTING MY HANDS ON
THAT MONEY? THERE'S NO ONE AROUND
HERE WHO KNOWS MORE ABOUT
THE WEST THAN ME!

THAT'S THE BOY!
WE'RE GOING TO
REACH THE HOTEL
FIRST!

QUICK, MISTER, CAN YOU
TELL ME WHERE I CAN
FIND THAT WRITING CAMP
FROM BACK EAST?

THAT'S ME!
BULL MOOSE!
YOU'RE INTERESTED
IN THE JOB? FOLLOW
ME TO MY ROOM
WHERE I'LL INTERVIEW
YOU!



DID YOU EVER
GO THROUGH
ALGEBRA?

YES, BUT I WENT
THROUGH IT AT
NIGHT, AND DIDN'T
SEE MILK OF
THE PLACE!



I THINK YOU'RE
IMPOSSIBLE!

NO! THE NAME'S
DUSTY! WELL, ARE
YOU GOING TO HIRE
ME?



WHY ARE YOU SO
ANNOYED TO GO
TO WORK
FOR ME?

BECAUSE YOU
LOOK SO
HAPPY!



I HAVE EVERY REASON TO BE HAPPY!
JUST THINK OF A PLACE WHERE YOU CAN
GET THE BIGGEST STEAK IN THE WORLD
FOR FIVE CENTS!

GOLLY!
WHERE IS
THAT?



I DON'T KNOW,
BUT JUST THINK
OF IT!

IT'D RATHER NOT THINK OF IT!
IT MAKES MY MOUTH WATER
AND I PREFER MILK!



I ONCE WROTE AN
ARTICLE ABOUT
MILK.

WAS IT EVER
PUBLISHED?



YES, BUT WHEN IT APPEARED
IN PRINT, IT WAS CONDENSED!

WELL, NEVER
MIND THAT!
ARE YOU GOING
TO HIRE ME?





TEN GALLON TEX

"SMALL SQUIRT!"



LOONIE LES
"HAS THE BLUES!"



TEN GALLON TEX
"HAS RICH IDEAS!"



Tell Me What You Want Money For ... I'LL HELP YOU GET ALL YOU NEED!

**EASY TO EARN \$50 TO \$150 AND
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What do YOU want that money will buy? Whether it's new clothes, sporting equipment, household appliances, or anything else ... just check the coupon I'll show you how you can earn all the money you need, quickly and easily, taking orders for STUART Greeting Cards! And I'll send you everything you need to start earning right away.

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It takes no special skill to sell a complete assortment of beautiful new Birthday and other Greeting Cards—a generous supply for year 'round use—for just \$1.00! This exciting bargain really sells itself! All you do is show it to friends and neighbors and you keep up to HALF the price of your cash profit! Say you want anything that costs \$50.00. Sell only 100 boxes and you've got your money! Folks will also want our exciting Gift Items, Stationery, Gift Wrappings and other fast-sellers in our big line. They help you earn still more easy money!

GET MONEY-MAKING KIT ON FREE TRIAL

See for yourself how easy it is to get the money for anything you want. Check the coupon and mail it now! I'll send you a complete kit of samples including fast-selling assortments on FREE TRIAL and full facts on how to reach your goal fast. Don't delay. Act TODAY!

RUSH COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL KIT!

Mr. B. J. Stuart, STUART GREETINGS
4434-38 N. Clark St., Dept. 208, Chicago 40, Ill.
Dear Mr. Stuart: I've checked off what I want money for:

- | | |
|---|---|
| ☐ Sporting Equipment | Please rush full facts on how to make the money, and complete kit of assortments ON FREE TRIAL. |
| ☐ New Clothes | Name..... |
| ☐ Trunk Uniforms | Address..... |
| ☐ Radio | City & Zone..... State..... |
| ☐ Television | (If for a club, give its name below.) |
| ☐ Portable Radio | |
| ☐ | |



MR. B. J. STUART
President of Stuart Greetings,
Has Helped Thousands Make
Good Money!



SEE HOW WELL OTHERS HAVE DONE!



This is the money and more deposited
with me each month for some cash.
Christmas greetings and spending
money in general. P.B., New York



I made \$10.75 in approximately 3
weeks just afternoon. Myroom was
lives about hundred greeting cards
and it is so easy to show and sell them.
C.R.P., North Carolina

STUART GREETINGS, INC.
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